

And Now the Suffragette Doth Shine

So Worker Tells Her News in Rhyme and Livens Up the Glad Springtime

By ELEANOR BOOTH SIMMONS.

RUTH LITT, a Suffolk farmerette and justly famous suffragette, is slated, it is said, to be the Democratic nominee for Congress from the district where her pumpkins grace the county fair. The lady's coy; she laughs, "A fig for office!—come and see the pig with which my farm, sirs, walk'd away with porcine prizes t'other day."

Still, if her country needs her, she the Lady from New York may be.

The suff amendment still hangs fire, and Jimmy Wadsworth wakes the ire of women whom he (represents!!!!) and likewise many suffrage gents because it seems he will vote true to Mrs. Wadsworth's well known view, to wit: That woman's place is home, from which she should not ever roam except to fight the Feminists, and Socialists, and Suffragists—that fearsome, awful three-in-one that so obscures the antis' sun.

Ah well, a vulgar phrase to quote, the Senator has got the goat of every suffragist of note, and Ida Harper says of him that this will be the end of Jim, so far as being Senator, or President, or Governor, or—anything we're voting for.

Reprisals? Aye, and 'tis a tool suffs have acquired, sirs, in your school.

They wish that bill was pass'd; the work drags on them, yet they may not shirk. Poor Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is very tired of staying at the town of Washington, D. C. E'en like the good old antis, she doth sorely long at home to be. Each morn she asks, in earnest tones, of Suff Committee Chairman Jones: "Is this the psychologic day? Have we the votes to pass it? Say! Is Chamberlain's appendix out and is he back?—But is there doubt that Simmons will consent to pair?—Is Calder, our good standby, there?—And still the Chairman counsels, "Wait! 'Tis not the psychologic date."

But Big Boss Mary Garrett Hay, return'd from Washington to-day. She says that bill will pass right soon, will pass before another moon, and Albany will ratify before our Solons say good-by.

West Point Saves Food

FUTURE officers of the army receiving their training in the Military Academy at West Point are helping to conserve food. At the same time the health of the Cadet Corps is better than ever, according to Capt. B. A. Dixon, treasurer of the Academy.

Bread used at the Academy, is composed of 45 per cent. of wheat flour, 45 per cent. rye and 10 per cent. white bolted grain flour. A great saving also has been effected in fats. Formerly 840 pounds of lard and 450 pounds of butterine were consumed by the cadets each month. The use of these two products has been discontinued. In their place drippings obtained from meat carcasses are substituted, the yield being about 2,500 pounds of fine grease, which is used in making pie crusts, French fried potatoes and similar dishes. After this grease has served its purpose it is shipped to New York, where the clear grease is sold at 13½ cents a pound, the byproducts in scrap bringing 4½ cents. The bones are sold at 1½ cents a pound. During January the revenue from the sale of grease that had been once used was \$616.

The sugar problem has also been solved there to the satisfaction of all and without discomfort to the cadets. Formerly a great deal of syrup was made from granulated sugar. A refined cane syrup was substituted, and it gave satisfaction and substantially cut down the consumption of sugar. Meatless Tuesday and a meatless meal each day is being observed.



Mrs. C. W. Rogers, the first woman to vote in Congress election.

And Legislatures thirty-six— with, it may be, some futile kicks— are very sure to do the same. So we shall realize the aim that ruled the life of Susan B., and would that she were here to see!

An epoch dawn'd last week for us, without the slightest jar or fuss— no outcrop of divorce, no fights 'twixt man and wife on woman's rights— some thirty thousand, maybe more, of womenfolk from districts four— two on Manhattan's crowded isle— did leave their wonted tasks a while, and, as New York now says they can, did cast their votes for Congressman.

'Tis rumor'd 'mid the local gems of news that Wagner of the Dems and Koenig of the G. O. P. did call Miss Mary Hay to see— she of the City Suff Partic. They call'd, and took her by the hand— oh, not together, understand; but great minds often share a hunch; so Bob stroll'd round once after lunch, and Sam, he also sought Miss Hay— this was before election day— and each in heartfelt tones did say: "Miss Hay, my party, always fair, and true, and just, and right, and square; my party—as you know the first the shackles on your sex to burst— aims Tuesday next to set the pace with women watchers at each place of voting." "Splendid!" cried Miss Hay. So Bob and Sam, they hied away, and Sam, he comb'd the G. O. P. for women who would watchers be.

Bob sought the woman Democrat, and proudly each his quarry sat election day behind the rails, points sacred hitherto to males, except for suffrage watchers once or twice allow'd to do the stunts.

Election day pass'd with elat. Nice family groups—Papa, Mamma and Baby waiting in its cart while inside Wifie did her part With Hubby—all that morning graced small shops wherein the polls were placed. The women watchers lent an air, and did their work with loyal care. Men of the district, most polite, anxious Miss Voter should vote right, did hover—not too near the gates—with praises of their candidates. Yes, Woman's Hour has surely struck. To her New York has "pass'd the buck." Elections now will be the rage, and soon the Empire State will stage a function on a mammoth scale; in fact, next fall's will be a whale.

A maiden who at Ocoquan spent sixty days for standing on the pavement at the White House gate, where with a banner she did wait to show the President a phrase that he had writ in other days—the Mistress Margaret Fotheringham, a White House picket with a lamb-like mien—and little—but oh my!

the kind, you know, to do or die—a Red Cross worker now, she pants to serve our soldier boys in France. At Bellevue Hospital is she, a-learning how to make beef tea and dainty things that cannot fail to tempt a poor sick wounded male. But very soon she hopes to sail to do her bit for Uncle Sam, does Mistress Margaret Fotheringham, who was a White House picket once, and still defends the picket stunts.

You'd make Miss Fotheringham quite hot by doubting she's a patriot. "I've fifteen cousins at the front," she says. "We Fotheringhams are went to stand for truth and liberty, and that's the reason why, you see—the very reason why I went as picket to the President."

The maid taught school in Buffalo. Back to her classroom she did go when she had served her time in jail, she having scorn'd all thought of bail. The school board was quite scandalized. "We are," they told her, "much surprised that you have not ere this surmised that we have alter'd and revised the estimate that we had made of you before your escapade. A teacher who defies the laws and goes to prison for the Cause, she must not—no, she really must not think she can retain our trust."

She turn'd her back on Buffalo— just pausing to appeal her case to Albany or some such place— and straight to Washington did go to call on Miss Jane Delano, head of the Red Cross nurses. Well! The two conversed for quite a spell; and now, a Red Cross soldier, she will brave the submarines at sea.

'Tis strange; the while that Buffalo dealt Margaret Fotheringham that blow the Brooklyn School Board sent to ask that Lucy Burns resume her task of teaching English classics there; Miss Burns, who tore—so runs the tale—the phone from out the wall in jail, and threw the same at Whittaker the jailer when he call'd on her.)

Anne Martin, friend of Alice Paul's, who heads her lobby in the halls of Congress, is a candidate for Senator from her home State. She told the world so yesterday. Nevada is her State, and, say, she holds the State, we understand, right in the hollow of her hand. She got its women folk the vote; she climb'd a mountain pass of note whose ice, and snow, and rocks no man had ever dared to try to span.

The mountain pass now bears her name; Nevada cherishes her fame. Altho' one hears her politics are, as it were, a trifle mixt. —She voted Democratic first, and then she up and did her worst

poor Mr. Wilson to retire because his party roused the ire of Alice Paul and all her choir by not exactly rushing to the suff amendment hurry thro'. And so 'tis said Miss Martin has not fixed it what she's running as.

She's quite good looking, is Miss Anne. The match for looks of any man we think of in the Senate—fair, with rosy cheeks, brown curly hair, keen, friendly, twinkling eyes of blue; and plump; and frankly forty-two.

Just now the Picket Party feels quite cocky—hear their chortling squeals? because the Court of High Appeals has handed a reversal down which doth the courts of that fair town on the Potomac roast quite brown— by implication, and in sage, well chosen legal verbiage. The Washington police were quite outside, it seems, their lawful right when they did place the felon brand on Lucy and on Alice and on Mrs. Harvey Wiley—and— on Mrs. Winters Braman—and—the rest of that devoted band that forth from Cam'ron Mansion went and picketed the President.

One hears that fair Miss Lucy Price—Ohio—thinks it would be nice if Mary Garrett Hay would rule Miss Price preceptor in the school the suffs have started for to teach young Mistress Voter how to reach the heights and depths of civic truth, and details of the polling booth. Miss Price, 'twill be remembered, came from out the West with anti fame to help our anti-suff defeat with lectures, ladylike and neat, the referendum—I repeat, Miss Price has signified that she a teacher for Miss Hay would be. Her agent who approach'd the suff it seem'd could hardly say enough of Lucy Price's wondrous brain. She talk'd in an exalted strain of Lucy's fine, superior brain. And what said Mary Garrett Hay? Oh cruel Boss! She said, "Nay, nay!"

Cook Books in Demand

THE librarian in a branch of the New York Public Library says that she is having a hard time supplying all applicants with cook books, especially those that have made a specialty of preparing food in a simple and inexpensive way.

"It used to be," she says, "that a cook book could be taken out and kept for a month or two on a special card, but now we cannot allow one to be taken out for more than the usual two weeks, and I would not be surprised if the time limit were reduced to less time than that."

"It really is funny to see people pounce on a new one. They express as much joy as they did years ago when they unexpectedly found a new one of Richard Harving Davis's."